A Roman now adopted happilie,
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconciled your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus* I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords, and you *Lauinia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.
VVee doo, and vowe to Heauen and to his Highnes,
That what wee did, was mi'd ie as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.
Marcus. That on mine honour here doo I protest.
Saturnine. Away, and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay sweet Emperor, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweete hart looke backe.
Saturnine. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brothers here,
And at my louelie *Tamoras* intreats,
I doo remit these young mens hainous faults,
Stand vp: *Lauinia* though you left me like a Churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the Priest.
Come if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lauinia* and your friends:
This daie shall be a loue-daie *Tamora*.
Titus. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
VVith horne and hound, weele giue your grace bon iour.
Saturnine. Be it so *Titus* and gramercie too. *Exeunt.*
sound trumpets, manet Moore.
Aron. Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of fortunes shot, and sits aloft,

Secure

Secure of thunders cracke or lightning
Aduaunc'd aboue pale enuies threatnin
As when the golden suune salutes the m
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his bea
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering C
And ouer-looks the highest piering hill
So *Tamora.*
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour wait
And vertue stoops and trembles at her f
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy tho
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mi
And mount her pitch, whom thou in tr
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amourous
And faster bound to *Arons* charming ei
Than is *Prometheus* tide to *Caucasus.*
Away with slauish weedes and seruile tho
I will be bright and shine in pearle and g
To wait vpon this new made Empereſſe
To wait said I? to wanton with this Que
This Goddesse, this Semerimis, this Ny
This Syren that will charme Romes Sa
And see his shipwracke, and his Commo
Hollo, what storme is this?
Enter Chiron and Demetr

Demetrius. Chiron thy yeares wants w
And manners to intrude where I am gra
And may for ought thou knowest affec
Chiron. Demetrius, thou dost ouerwe
And so in this, to beare me downe with
Tis not the difference of a yeare or two
Makes me lesse gratious, or thee more fo
I am as able and as fit as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grac
And that my sword vpon thee shall app